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THE CRAYON.

NEW YORK, MAY 9, 1855.

## Sketchings.

THE DRAWING BY RUSKIN.—We publish the following notes, excusing the Rev. Mr. Magoon from the implication of a letter in the last CRAYON. Not having known anything of the matter previously to the publication of the letter in question, we left the whole thing to be answered by those who knew.—EDS. CRAYON.

## RESPECT FOR RUSKIN.

One year ago we made a delightful pilgrimage to "Denmark Hill." The distinguished proprietor had just left for France, but our credentials procured a kind and most courteous reception on the part of those left in charge of the house. What might be properly shown was gratefully seen, under the thrilling consciousness that this was the home and these were the books and pictures belonging to a teacher whom we profoundly esteemed. The guide had been familiar with John Ruskin from his early childhood, and seemed pleased to observe how a stranger could enthusiastically admire one whom she had so intimately known only to love. In exchange for unfeigned words of appreciation we received, in addition to other precious little reminiscences of genius, probably the first preserved drawing he ever made, and which had long hung framed under that roof. But these only enhanced the desire to obtain a more recent exemplification, and, with this intent, we were referred to "Smith, Elder & Co.," publishers of "The Stones of Venice," with the statement that a clerk in their employ had been engaged with the author during his Italian researches, and could, doubtless, best aid in gratifying our wish. On returning from the continent in August, the drawing mentioned in the last CRAYON was purchased of him. To procure an adequate specimen of the artist in question was not facile, as might be expected by persons acquainted with the preciousness of his perfected works. This slight sketch was valued as an autograph mainly, and found its place amongst eighty-five other famous masters, dimly outlined or elaborately executed, from Turner and Girtin, more than fifty years ago, down to W. H. Bartlett and Copley Fielding, recently dead. Eminent friends in this city desired to have it shown, with other works, for a season, where it would be estimated by sagacious Art-lovers for just what it is, the fragile memento of a great, good, and enduring man. If any are blinded by prejudice or envenomed by hate, let them grope or growl as their manner is. But, since with the existence and defence of this stray illustration in our land its supposed author has nothing to do, please do not make it the occasion of needless detriment to him or any other parties concerned.

E. L. M.

New York, May 1, 1855.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—A communication in last week's CRAYON, concerning the sketch by Mr. Ruskin, now on exhibition at the Academy of Design, seems to require some notice on my part. The proprietor of this sketch is not responsible for its appearance, and if there be any impropriety in the circumstance, it attaches solely to myself. The offer of it for this purpose, by its possessor, was cheerfully accepted without the slightest suspicion, at the time, of any impropriety in the case, nor can I yet perceive any, notwithstanding the extreme solicitude of your correspondent in relation to it.

Of the means by which the drawing was obtained I know nothing, nor is it of much im-

portance at present, but to suppose that this or an inferior work by the hands of the author of Modern Painters, Stones of Venice, &c., could, in the remotest degree, affect his reputation, appears to me utterly absurd. Besides, the sketch itself—for it purports to be nothing more—is far from contemptible, as the writer implies, and would indeed do no discredit to any artist. Its aim is simply a memorandum of a bit of architecture in sunlight, and peculiarly situated, and as such is correctly and sufficiently well executed. Turner himself might not have done better in a similar case. But I did not accept it for exhibition on the score of artistic merit, but, in accordance with the view you have taken of it, as an autograph of a great man, and while disagreeing with your correspondent's opinion, as below mediocrity, I do not believe that Mr. Ruskin would care a straw about its exhibition, so long as it affords an opportunity for some of his many admirers here, myself included, to enjoy the privilege, as it were, of a silent shake of the hand amongst the crowd of listeners to his thrilling eloquence. Perhaps so jealous a guardian of the reputation and feelings of the "great Ruskin" would be better employed in directing his sympathy in behalf of other reputations and feelings nearer home, occasions for which are not rare, touching other works in the same exhibition with the drawing in question, than in offering his cock-boat assistance to a man of war like Ruskin.

Yours respectfully, A. B. DURAND.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I believe I cannot better express my sense of the value of your journal, than by applying to you for further information on certain points which you have already treated, though not quite as analytically as I could wish. Most gratefully do I thank you for the high principle and exalted aim that consecrates your labors. But not to say this do I write to you, but for my own individual benefit. It is especially of the *worth* of Art, that I desire to hear more.

There are those whose aspirations are the highest, whose natures are full of sympathy for Art, yet, who, for want of knowledge, fear to yield to this sympathy—fear it may not give them the holy stimulant, the heavenly draught for which they thirst. They cannot trust their instincts, until the *reason* is convinced. You are doing much for such as these. Can you do more? You assert, that not to cultivate our sense of beauty, is to bring upon ourselves the "penalty of deadness of being." Will you prove it? (1.) Will you show how Art is the handmaid of Religion? (2.)

You say, "it would have been better, perhaps, if we had previously entered into a more thorough investigation of the philosophy of Beauty, so as to have gone to its hidden springs." We still wait for this investigation. (3.)

There are also certain terms of minor importance which I would like to have precisely defined, at your leisure, such as *renaissance* architecture, (4) *genre* pictures (5) and *High Art*. (6.)

You advocate the study of Nature in opposition to works of Art. What is the nature and extent of the good to be derived from the latter? (7.)

If apology is necessary, my interest in the subject, and the fact that others, beside myself, will benefit by your answers, is, I trust, sufficient.

C.  
April 29th, 1855.

Our correspondent finds it, no doubt, very easy to ask questions—much easier than we hope to find the answering of them; but, as far as the present ability serves, we will do our best to satisfy the queries. Some of the questions demand more time than we can give

just now, and we shall note them for future articles—and, for the rest, if the answers are not clear, we will do our best to make them so by further explanation.

(1.) We have all learned by experience, more or less bitter, that while any faculty, healthily exercised, grows in strength—on the other hand, if neglected, it not only loses power, but every day becomes more difficult to be awakened to its former activity, until finally we find that some men have lost not only the use of bodily powers, but even certain intellectual attributes—not that the capacity for their renewal is lost, but the effort necessary to regain lost ground is so great, that the mind shrinks away from the attempt in utter discouragement.

The perception of Beauty is a faculty which, while rarely given in a high degree, is capable of a height of development inconceivable to those who have not cultivated it, but is, also, susceptible of the deepest injury, even to extinction, when neglected and unoccupied; so that, while there is no limit to the delight Nature will furnish to those who studiously develop their faculties for its enjoyment, a dreary, blank world stretches round those who have neglected to do so—a world in which flowers are no better than weeds—in which the joy has faded from sunlight—the majesty from the storm; grandeur yielding to terror, and peace and quietness to dullness and monotony.

It seems to us that the phrase "deadness of being," applies most justly to those with whom the necessities and desires of the material nature have arrived to be all in all, who regard a rose less than they do a cabbage, and look at sunsets only as an indication of the weather, regarding nothing as *true* and *real*, but the bread they eat and the clothes they wear. Such men are like trees whose once green and heaven-reaching limbs are dead and dry—and, though the roots may live long, they are only unsightly cumberers of the ground. This is deadness, indeed, when all that is immortal in us is lulled to lethargy, and we live only in looking into the ground at our feet.

But, there is in this matter no middle course, and every one who does not labor for his better Nature, labors against it, and deadens it. A man cannot serve God and Mammon; and, if he will shove Nature on the shelf to attend to his gains and his estates, he sins against God, who, in making him higher than the ants who build and hoard as well as he, but who can do nothing better, commanded him to maintain his dignity—and, if this sin is not in the decalogue, its "fruit" is no less "death," in direct proportion to its transgression of those laws which are the same in our moral, intellectual, and physical natures; for, in neither case can you neglect or misuse, without paying the penalty, which is deprivation of that which we misuse or use not.

(2.) To show how Art is the handmaid of Religion is not the labor of a moment. We must first know what religion is, and distinguish it from its forms and its counterfeits. The Religion of Art is a subject we have long had

in consideration, and when it is ready we shall give it at length.

(3.) The philosophy of Beauty is the subject of a series of articles in preparation, but which require more examination of æsthetic writers to make the essay complete, than we have yet been able to give. It shall come presently.

(4.) "Renaissance," meaning literally a renewal, or *re-birth*, is applied to the architecture which succeeded the Gothic, so called from a belief that by a return to Greek forms, Art had renewed its existence. It is the architecture of St. Peter's, at Rome, St. Paul's, at London, and, in America, the State-house at Boston, the City Hall in New York, and numberless colonnaded and dome surmounted monstrosities everywhere through the country. The term *renaissance* applies equally to the painting and the sculpture of the same era, that of Julio Romano, and the long line of painters of Greek mythologies, down to the Poussins and their French imitators. For a fuller idea of *renaissance* than we can give, consult the *Stones of Venice*, the first volume of which only has been republished by Wiley.

(5.) *Genre* is a French term, and, taken artistically, means much the same as our "story picture," including all figure pictures not truly historical, philosophical, or ideal—scenes from actual common life, or illustrations of stories, conversation pieces, &c., &c. Such is the art of Leslie, Wilkie and the great mass of English figure painters, Teniers, Ostade and the Dusseldorf school, almost without exception, from Lessing to Leutze. The essential characteristic of *genre* seems to be that it treats of the external character of men or of mere forms and draperies in many cases.

(6.) High Art, as commonly used, means that which lies above *genre*—the truly historical, as in Delaroche, the ideal, the religious and the philosophical. It is a vague term, and can scarcely be accurately defined in one expression.

(7.) This, again, is a subject which demands careful treating, not to produce confusion. Although it is not a matter which we feel in doubt about, it is one we cannot so easily make perfectly clear to a less experienced inquirer. There can be nothing genuine in Art which is not found in Nature first, and, therefore, much of the distinction between Nature and Art is really only to be made between Nature and bad or false Art. But we will also bear this subject in mind, and answer it at some other time.

**NEWSPAPER CRITICS.**—There is no manner of doubt that every man has a right to his own opinions in Art as in everything else, *i. e.*, no one has a right to hinder him from being wrong or from having no opinion at all in regard of Art any more than in moral matters. But if a man takes undue means to give his opinions weight with others, and to influence public taste injuriously, we consider it the right of every man to do his best to prevent it. Thus, when men uneducated in Art, make use of influential journals to impress their crude views of Art on the world, they are, we think, to be held reprehensible, as undertaking that for which they are

not competent, as they would learn by slight self-examination.

We are in no wise disposed to hold ourselves up as examples of critical ability, though the study of Art and *Nature*, for some years, must be acknowledged to be something of a qualification, and, as we are situated, we are obliged to criticise more or less, yet always timidly, and if incompetent, would be most happy to have it pointed out, and then we promise to quit. In saying what we shall of our contemporary critics, we therefore beg, first, to disavow any intention of comparing ourselves with any of them. Nor would *our* incapacity excuse *theirs*. Neither in what we shall say is there any personal prejudice, as we are not, to our knowledge, acquainted with either of the critics we shall allude to.

We have learned, by some earlier experience in writing criticism, that critics are rash and sweeping, according to their youth and ignorance, and have learned to regard, with much caution, condemnatory critiques. An imaginative critic who finds beauties which the artist never dreamed of, is a glorious fellow—commend us to him, for he surely speaks in an enthusiastic spirit; but save us from one of the lowering kind, savage, querulous and growling about deficiencies, especially if he be ignorant.

It is a pity that the *Tribune* and *Times* consider it incumbent on them to furnish notices of pictures, &c. The excellence with which they do those things which come in their proper provinces gives a weight to their criticisms even when, as this year, they are only vague opinions unsupported by reasons. The *Times* opens with a sweeping diatribe against the Academy, which is struggling against many difficulties, supported by the individual labors of artists who receive no pecuniary benefit from it whatever, and whose only compensation is in being abused by critics who cannot estimate their difficulties, or appreciate their excellences, but know just enough to point out faults which everybody could see without their showing. For the Academy we have no apology to make; it is not of very great importance at present, and will never be made so by blind abuse; but, when the *Times* says: "Instead of a better, larger, more varied and intellectual exhibition, we have one that is in every respect and in every department inferior to the last," it asserts what every artist and intelligent amateur knows to be unjust, for, with scarcely an exception, the artists have sent the best pictures they have ever painted. The *Times* says:

If the Academy did not contain within itself men of sufficient calibre, the short-comings of an exhibition might be borne patiently. But among the academicians and associate members are men of undoubted genius, whose pencils, properly employed, might elevate the Arts throughout the world. Instead of such noble effort, we find them prostituting their powers on extrinsic labor. It is not by painting portraits—it is not by producing Indian Summers and green landscapes—it is not by sitting in a wood and depicting the trees therein with painful minuteness—that American artists can hope to rival their European brethren, or create a school of their own, with vitality in it. *History, poetry, fable, and the inexhaustible treasures of the imagination, are the subjects of which the preceding should be but adjuncts.* Fidelity to external Nature is but more mechanism of Art, if it be not accompanied with internal sentiment and poetry.

This is most unjust—unkind. Who will

pay for history, poetry, fable, &c.? The artists would be glad to paint them if it could be made to pay; but, when almost the only artists who make a subsistence are portrait painters, it is hardly liberal, to say the least, to berate them thus.

Of the quality of criticism the critic of the *Times* gives us, the following passages will suffice as examples:—

For tranquil, radiant Nature commend us to Mr. Copley. There is a smooth, meditative charm about his compositions which contrast agreeably with the more vigorous and daring brush of Mr. Copley.

Was ever greater nonsense perpetrated?

Mr. Hart's paintings are seen to best advantage by gas-light; the more searching light of day develops flatness and imperfect manipulation of colors. Still, there is so much that is vigorous and truthful in his handling, that we look to him with confidence for better and more ambitious efforts.

If that is the standard of excellence, we had better abandon thought and truth at once, and go at "handling" pell mell.

The *Tribune* critic, with more knowledge, and, therefore, less presumption, leaves us in no doubt where to find him, for he says in opening:—

Painting must have its traditions, not only to be executed at all, but in order to be fairly understood and soundly judged. These traditions are wanting in this country. The study of the great masters, whose successes none have surpassed, and very few have equalled, is necessary to the education of the artist. They are the guides of taste, the originals and models of artistic science—things which, in general, are wanting to our painters. The artist having acquired from these sources the needed practical knowledge, is next to apply it to the production of original creations, and that he may do so with greater and greater perfection, he must cultivate familiarity with contemporary masters. The frequent comparison of their inspirations, their processes and their styles, are sources prolific of new ideas, of secrets of the palette, and of useful combinations. Hence comes, also, the noble emulation, the enterprising rivalry, which produces great works while developing great artists. But where can we find all this among us?

On the whole, we have failed to find anything new in the *Tribune's* critiques, and equally any decidedly objectionable points, unless such flippancy as the following is so:—

No. 87, in his uniform, has the air of emerging from a coal-hole, and of spilling some coal-dust on No. 86, the color of which is tarnished, though the details are well treated.

In the first rank we should notice the two excellent heads of N. P. Willis and of George Bancroft (Nos. 271 and 243), both perfect resemblances, and very intelligently rendered, with an execution generous and bold, and a nervous pencil.

It is a characteristic of bad criticism, that it has many ideas which cannot be conveyed by the common meaning of words, and for which new expressions must be coined; such are "generous execution," and "nervous pencil."

It is a pity that the *Tribune* and *Times* will not, at least, let Art alone, if they cannot help it out of its difficulties. The editors would scarcely have an article written on politics by an ignoramus; why will they conceive that Art, so abstruse in its principles, can be treated by any flippant paragraphist they can pick up!

For the critiques of the *Independent* we have more respect; for, besides bearing the name of the writer, which is manly and straightforward, they have a flight of presumption almost amounting to genius, and a hearty one-sidedness which indicates, at least, good, strong prejudices; and, therefore, some previous thought on the subject. If he only knew more,

he would say some good things. Who "Clarence Cook" is, we do not know; but, if he was writing thus on any subject but Art (of which we are confident we *know* something), we should judge he knew all that there was to be known on the matter, and should at once give up the idea of having any judgment but his. We quote a few passages:—

Mr. Durand is the weakest of all our landscape painters,\* the most mannered, the most monotonous. \* \* His foliage is entirely wanting in character, of which fault no better example could be given than his "In the Woods" of this exhibition. He is painstaking, and conscientious in all that he does, but his ability is very limited. He has no power, only moderate talent well husbanded, and although he is, as we are aware, the divinity of a certain class, we do not believe he ever really moved a single unbiased mind. He has not given the first proof of genius—progress. \* \* \* \*

If Mr. Gifford and Mr. Hubbard are young men, they certainly are on the wrong track, and will never reach excellence by the road they are travelling. There is evidence in the works of both, of careful study and of good feeling—more especially in this the case with Mr. Gifford—but these merits are overlaid and well nigh smothered by a borrowed, weak and unnatural manner. Neither of them has any perception of color. Neither of them can paint the green he sees in nature. But they can both of them draw, and judging only from what we see on this exhibition, they might accomplish great things if only they could throw away their trammels, forget Mr. Durand and his works, despise convention, and resolve, for one summer, to paint nothing but what they actually see. \* \* \* \*

Still Mr. Church gives more evidence of study and labor than of genius or power, and his works, after long examination, impress us with a sense of wearisome painstaking and an absence of suggestiveness.

Of the "Country Connoisseurs," he says:

The carter in the blue frock is a caricature, and the incident of the dog, frightened at the plaster-head of Apollo, is wholly false. No such thing ever occurred, unless the dog were trained, or a fool. The picture is badly painted, crude, inharmonious, and ragged. The drawing of the detail is incorrect. There are several casts hanging up and strewed about, not one of which is drawn with truth.

Why what work he makes with our geniuses, snubbing everybody, from the President to our clever German brother, with a perfect abandon!

However, that his knowledge of the principles of Art are slight, the following proves:

Small sketches of landscape are capable of producing impressive effects, beyond the power of large and finished pictures. Particularly is this the case if they are sketches begun and completed out of doors, and never touched again. \* \* \* A sketch, to come strictly under the definition of that word, should be an unelaborated, instantaneous transcript of one or two ideas. The clearer and simpler the utterance, the better will be the sketch, and as for ideas, one is better than two, and two better than three. It may be stated as a general truth that the greatest pictures are those which in these characteristics most nearly approach the sketch. All Raphael's "Madonnas" belong to this class, and so does his "Transfiguration." This last, with the Dresden "Madonna," are the greatest pictures ever painted, and they are also the simplest in their conception.

The absurdity of classing Raphael's pictures among sketches is too patent, particularly after the definition he gives of a sketch. "Clarence Cook" is quite amusing. He finds fault with Gignoux for painting winter scenes, and then by way of example furnishes the following, the last sentence of which is particularly lucid:

We can imagine the sentiment of winter seized and perpetuated in some grand composition, but it can never be other than desolate—some blasted moor or withered meadow, with its frozen pools of water, its dry weeds and stunted bushes sighing in the wind—sad wrecks of summer—the lonely wild fowl screaming in the icy air, with their white wings gleaming like snow against the trailing clouds of rain; or else some rocky hill-side, bordering a waste of drifting sand, on whose hard edge the wild sea, laden with wrecks, drives before the gale, and plunges with awful roar.

Well, it is not so much with "Clarence Cook,"

\* Our landscape painters are easily named. The only men who have done anything worthy in this department, or who, as yet, promise to accomplish something, are, in our estimation, the following: Alston, Cole, Raphael Hoyle, Cropsey, Durand, Church, Kensett, William Hart, and S. Colman, Jr.

we want to find fault—we suppose he can't help it—but with the *Independent*, which is willing to furnish trash to its readers, rather than say nothing on a subject of so great interest as Art. It is better to say nothing.

We have had the pleasure of seeing at the Studio of Mr. H. K. Brown, a model in plaster by Mr. J. Q. A. Ward, a pupil of Mr. Brown, of the proposed statue of Simon Kenton, the pioneer, and friend of Boone. It represents the subject in hunting costume, leaning on his rifle, with his dog at his feet, and is, in all respects, a simple and admirable work.

The commission is to be competed for, the statue to be cast in bronze, and erected at Columbus, O. Mr. Ward is himself a native of Ohio, and honors his State as much by his design as it would honor him in giving him the commission. The model has a true back-woods dignity which cannot fail to be appreciated.

We beg to call attention to the advertisement of the Panorama of the Tour of Europe. It is really one of the best things of the kind ever exhibited here. It has been exhibited, we understand, with entire success in most of the cities of Europe.

#### DOMESTIC ART GOSSIP.

THE Water-Color Society held its monthly meeting week before last, at the residence of one of its members, where several of the drawings executed during the past winter were exhibited. This society is composed mainly, we believe, of amateurs, that is to say, of those who do not make a profession of water-color painting; they labor earnestly and successfully, producing works which mark a steady progress, and indicating a future development of this Art among us in keeping with its importance. The sketches exhibited on this occasion were painted by Messrs. Glasgow, Hart, Hill, Gay, Falconer, Jones, Whitney, and others, but as they were not publicly exhibited we can only mention their subjects without reference to criticism. Mr. Glasgow had two or three landscape scenes in Pennsylvania; Jones, a composition, also several studies of the figure from life; Hart was represented by a number of spirited sketches with figures; Falconer by a study in England, besides other sketches; Hill had a river scene; Gay a drawing of a female; and Whitney a *tableau de genre*, all of which we looked at with great pleasure and interest.

#### FOREIGN ART GOSSIP.

It has been decided, within the last few days, that the three separate buildings destined for the Exhibition at Paris, shall be connected by gallery tunnel work. This will add an intricacy more to the tripartite composition, and an expense the more to its construction. Meanwhile, the original and central *Palais* itself may be described as all but complete. It is now under the hands of the carpenters, in preparation for the exhibitors. "The judgment ventured last year," says the correspondent who then offered a note or two concerning the plan, "has received confirmation by a new inspection of this large edifice—which might have been planned to appear as little large or august in its proportions as possible. The painting of the iron work of pillars, ribs, arches in the roof, &c., is complete. For color, a chill grey has been chosen, sparingly relieved in the pierced frieze round the building with heraldic colors and gild-

ing. The effect, for the present, is not happy, as compared with the effect produced by Mr. Owen Jones in Hyde Park, and, to my eye, is that of a fog so universally diffused that I doubt whether any color which the objects exhibited can introduce will be able to neutralize a sombreness of tint, at once so heavy without grandeur and so feeble without delicacy."—*Athenaeum*.

SEVEN statues have been added since May, 1849, to the collection under the Portico of the Uffizzi, at Florence. They are those of Leon Battista Alberti, the architect and poet—Galileo—Paolo Mascagni, the anatomist—Andrea Cesalpino, of Arezzo, born in 1519, for many years Professor of Medicine at Pisa, and one of those Italians to whom Harvey was probably more indebted for the hints which led him to his great discovery than he cared to acknowledge—Accorso, a Florentine lawyer of the twelfth century, celebrated among canonists by the title of "Il Chiosatore," the *glossarist*—St. Antonino, a Dominican, and Archbishop of Florence in the Fifteenth century—and, lastly, the jovial Medico Redi, the well-known author of the *Bacco* in Toscana. The statues, though not falling below decent mediocrity, are not of striking merit, nor equal to some of the best of those already there. Redi, who has ventured into this grave and solemn assembly of figures in togas, tunics, armor, and flowing draperies, in coat, waistcoat, breeches and wig, the sole representative of modern habiliments and nations, is yet far from being the least characteristic and striking statue of the gallery. The Dominican who has been selected to represent the Church in this permanent congress of the representative men of Florence, seems, as he stands in his niche, with bent body and shaven crown, among the representations of all the lay occupations which illustrate humanity, a singular evidence of the success with which Romish discipline has striven to impress on her favorites a distinctive and peculiar type, wholly unlike that of any other, either saints or sinners, in the world. The artist has perfectly succeeded in reproducing the well-known look, so familiar to those acquainted with the portraits of Latin hagiography, which is conventionally understood in these lands to be the expression of sanctity. It is a look in which the crouching attitude and the lines of the mouth say, "Smite me, if you will!" while there is easily to be read in the downcast eye a warning, which adds, "But my bite in your heel shall pour poison through your veins, if you but thwart me!"—*Athenaeum*.

WHEN quoting a rather rapturous account of the discoveries at Argos, from the pages of a contemporary, we expressed some doubts of the results obtained, and asked our readers to postpone enthusiasm until more reliable accounts arrived. A correspondent who has just arrived from Athens, enables us to correct the too lively figures of our contemporary, and justifies our own word of caution. The excavations at Argos were carried on—not by order of the Greek Government, as was reported—but by Messrs. Rangabé & Bursian, at the expense of Prof. Ross. King Otho and the Greek Government, we are assured, took no other interest in the excavations than that of claiming the few fragments of sculpture discovered by those gentlemen by their own enterprise, and at the cost of their patron. The importance of these fragments of ancient Greek Art has been greatly exaggerated, both in Rome and Berlin, as well as in London. Vague surmises about the recovery of the works of Polycletes may be very poetical—speculations about a new series of sculptures to range with the Elgin Marbles, may startle the curious—but the discoveries at Argos yield no such treasures. As yet, the chief interest of the excavations lies in the fact of their having laid bare the foundations of the Temple of Juno.—*Athenaeum*.